



3 SHORTHORN MALE CALVES FOR SALE. READY NOW. THOROUGH BRED. PUBLIC INVITED TO CALL AND SEE THEM.

Glenwood Stock Farm

G. B. SHORTRIDGE, Prop.
GLENWOOD, KY.

WEST VIRGINIA ITEMS OF NEWS.

The open season for hunting squirrels is from Sept 16 to Dec. 1st.

A proposed bond issue of \$550,000, to be expended by good roads was ratified by the voters of Wyoming-co.

On Sunday before last Lute Frazier living near Health's creek was shot, but not fatally wounded.

On Sept. 10 detective Murphy of the C. & O. shot and killed two negroes at one o'clock in the morning at Huntington. He ordered them to stop, and when they failed to obey opened fire.

Charles Forest, a negro, was executed in the penitentiary at Moundsville Sept. 10th for the murder of another negro in an altercation.

West Virginia's five hundred Odd Fellow lodges, with a membership of 20,000, comprises the largest state division in the nation, considering population.

Nine coal companies in West Virginia pay one-third of the State taxes.

The Logan County Teachers Institute held last week was pronounced by one and all to be the best ever held at Logan.

RATCLIFF.

Church here Sunday was not very largely attended on account of rain and muddy roads.

Mr. and Mrs. Cebrian Wilson visited their uncle W. M. Stewart Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Mack Stewart visited relatives at Hicksville Friday and Saturday.

S. J. McKinney passed through here Thursday enroute to Straight creek.

Misses Bessie and Jessie Dalton are here spending a few days with their cousins.

Edgar Scott was here Sunday.

Mrs. Ethel D. Chaffin called at J. M. Thompson's Thursday.

Mrs. Martha R. Woods and children spent Tuesday afternoon with Mrs. M. M. Stewart.

Howard Wilson was a business caller on Fannin's Branch Friday.

Milton Vanhorn has returned from Holden, W. Va., where he has been for quite awhile.

Mrs. M. M. Stewart and daughter, Lute Ethel were visiting Mrs. Mary W. Riffe Wednesday.

Ruffie Jordan spent a few days with relatives on Fannin's Branch.

Miss Ruby Kiger, who has been visiting relatives here for some time has returned to her home in Ashland.

Jay Chaffin and Dock Stewart were at Howard Wilson's on business Saturday.

The Misses Wells, who have been

visiting the Misses Waddell for quite awhile have returned to their home near Ashland.

M. M. Stewart went to Louisa on business last Tuesday.

Everette M. Busk of Olive Hill, who has been spending several weeks with his cousins, Vasa and Wanda Stewart, has returned home.

Mrs. Mae C. and Celia Belle Stewart spent Thursday afternoon with Mrs. Martha R. Woods.

Jay Chaffin spent Saturday and Sunday with Dock Stewart.

Austin Bentley has returned home from Paintsville where he has been for some time.

Celia B. Stewart will visit relatives at Hicksville soon.

Happy Hammonds visited home folks Thursday and Friday.

M. M. Stewart and daughter Celia Belle will soon leave for Greenup-co., where they will spend a few months with his daughter, Mrs. Birdie Cox.

We think we can report a wedding in our next news.

Dewey S. Chaffin was here recently.

Everett Kiger was the pleasant guest of Miss Ethel Waddell Sunday last.

Ernest Jordan and Dennis Cooksey are making regular trips to Belletrace.

Loyed Green was here Sunday.

Prayer meeting here every Thursday night. Everybody is invited to attend.

A RATCLIFF GUY.

OBITUARY.

On Aug. 23, 1915 death visited the home of Mr. and Mrs. V. B. Queen and took their only child, Thomas Edward. His death was caused by poisoning. He was sick only a few hours and although dreadfully sick. He knew every one until his precious little spirit took flight to that great beyond.

He was one year and ten months old, a bright little fellow. He had a bright smile for every one which made him the favorite of the neighborhood. His last words to his heart broken parents were "I kiss mother, a kiss daddy." It is so sad to enter the home and not see Tommy's smiling face and hear his voice saying "how-do-you-do." But his earthly trials are over and he has gone to dwell with the One who said suffer the children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven. We can not call Tommy back for he is sleeping the cold sleep of death, but we can live so we can meet our precious jewel in that beautiful land where no parting words are spoken for we will never say good bye in heaven, but dwell forever with Him who doeth all things well. The bereaved family have our deepest sympathy.

Call not back the dear departed, Anchored safe where storms are o'er.

On the border land we left them Soon to meet and part no more.

HIS AUNT, MRS. W. D. Q.

DANIELS CREEK

There will be a pie social at this place Saturday night, Sept. 18th for benefit of the school.

Misses Tessie and Stella Chaffin were the guests of Miss Ollie Thompson Sunday evening.

Mr. Arlie Chaffin and wife left Saturday for a visit to relatives in W. Va.

Willie Burton was visiting his cousin Miss Jettie Adams Sunday.

Charley Adams, Ossie and Henry Young were at D. M. Curnutte's Saturday evening.

Dewey Moore of Cordell was visiting Miss Lena Bishop Saturday and Sunday.

Jay Thompson made his regular trip to G. V. Burton's Sunday.

Clyde and Cara Curnutte were visiting their cousin Luther Adams Sunday.

DANIELS CREEK WGA

CADMUS.

The ball game at Green Valley last Saturday was very interesting. The Tuscola nine played the Green Valley nine and when the game ended the score stood 10 to 2 in favor of Green Valley.

Aunt Betty May, who has been visiting her many friends at Yatesville and Cadmus has returned to her home at Wilondale, West Va.

We are sorry to say that granddaddy Riffe, who has been sick so long is no better.

Millard Fannin is building a nice house on his farm and will move to it in the near future.

Mrs. Maggie Stuart, who is visiting her mother at Cadmus is suffering very much with rheumatism.

Mrs. Martha Young had the misfortune to cut her foot very bad one day last week.

Prof. Leon Belcher is having quite a success with his singing school at Morgan's creek.

W. M. Bromfield was at Adam Harman's last week.

A. J. Scott is in the candidate field and will cut weeds until Nov. 2, by which he expects to reap an abundant harvest.

Aunt Sarah Scott is still on the sick list.

Charley Shortridge is working for Millard Fannin.

Pearl and Sophia Fugate of Fallburg were calling on their friend, Mrs. Nancy Harman of Cadmus last week.

Adam Harman has quite a number of pension claims on file in his office and many of them have been rejected and brought to him for a reopening.

Dock Harman has been very sick with tonsillitis and cold.

Dr. W. A. Rice's mother who is 88 years old past and has been totally helpless for some time is getting so she can get in and out of her bed without help.

W. M. Belcher is sawing a fine lot of lumber for Millard Fannin and others.

W. M. Chadwick, wife and children attended Sunday school at Green Valley Sunday.

CHARLEY

Delta Moore of this place is visiting relatives at Huntington, W. Va.

The Charley hall club crossed bats with the Rockhouse boys Saturday having played two games, the first one on the former's diamond. Scores 4 to 3 in favor of the home boys. The latter on Rockhouse diamond. The game being called by cause of rain by the score in favor of the Charley club.

Dwight Carr has been visiting relatives at Ashland recently.

Several from this place attended meeting at the camp grounds Sunday.

Dr. Bill Dixon was calling on Marie Gearheart Sunday.

Robert Bowling made a business trip to Louisa Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. John Hays, Jr. of this place has just returned from Toledo, O., where they purchased an Overland Geo. and Frank Bevins have returned from Lucasville, O., where they have been working on the section.

Audrey Chapman and Bessie Austin are attending school at the K. N. C. now.

The mines are running every day at this place.

Prof. Alpha Hays visited the school Friday evening and made a very interesting lecture.

Fred Austin and Leonard Griffith were out of town on business Monday.

Joseph G. Edwards has just completed his cellar.

Bertha Louis, the little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Chapman, who has been very ill is some better now.

Carrie Austin has been visiting at this place recently.

SMOKEY JOE.

Miss Ruth Hatten was visiting her aunt, Mrs. L. B. Dean Wednesday.

School is progressing nicely at Shiloh.

There was a bean stringing at I. O. Shannon's last Tuesday night and after the beans were strung they moved into the parlor and had some fine music and singing by the Misses Smith, Pearl, Sadie and Ettie, also your collecting agent, Ezra Bud Kahdookah Hatten joined in with his peach tree leaf, which added greatly to the music.

Dr. Ezra Bud Kahdookah Hatten and Dr. L. B. Dean were called in consultation at Mr. Joe Davis' and I am sure with such skill the old gentleman will soon be resting easy.

E. G. McKinster of Adams, Ky., is doing carpenter work for Dr. L. B. Dean of this place.

Harve Dean, our hucksterman passed Tuesday with 49 bu. of onions for the Huntington market. Also, his son Stanley, had another wagon loaded with produce for the same market.

J. C. Thompson has been on the sick list but is better at this writing.

Miss Sadie Smith, C. & O. stenographer of Huntington, W. Va., is visiting home folks on Grakston creek.

George O'Dell, who had to have an eye taken out a few days ago is improving.

Otto Hatten is building a fine barn for Butler Davis.

G. W. Hatten has sold to Lee Wilson 28 head of cattle that weigh 30,000 lbs. at 7c per lb.

Preaching at Shiloh next Sunday by our pastor.

Elmer Stump of Whites creek was calling at L. B. Dean's Monday.

S. P. Ferguson was transacting business at Prichard Wednesday.

Frank Hatten will enter Marshal College at Huntington, W. Va., next week.

The ladies of this place are doing lots of canning.

W. VA. FRIEND.

Deed Blanks for sale here.

Her Secret

Much Depended on It, and She Was Wise In Keeping It.

By LOUISE B. CUMMINGS.

A ring at the telephone.

I arose from my desk. I was at my office opening my morning mail. Taking up the instrument, I asked who called.

"Are you Mr. Constable?" asked a woman's voice.

"I am."

"I'm Sarah, Miss Van Dorn's maid. Miss Van Dorn has told me to call you up to say that we found Mr. Davidson dead in his bed this morning."

"Mr. Davidson?"

"Yes, sir." Mr. Davidson was an elderly gentleman possessed of considerable wealth who had no children of his own. Clara Van Dorn was his sister's daughter, an orphan whom he had taken to live with him. She was a lovely girl, though I may be considered prejudiced in her favor in saying so, because she was my betrothed.

I stood for a few moments with the receiver at my ear, too surprised and shocked at the announcement to know what to think or say. The first thought that took shape in my brain was that Clara had no one except the servants to sustain her in her trouble. My next was that her uncle must have suffered violence of some sort, for he had been in excellent health. My brain whirled on, one thought after another coursing through me. What did this sudden death mean? Why did not Clara announce it herself?

"Is it known what caused Mr. Davidson's death?" I asked.

"Well, sir, it looks as if he had been murdered."

"Murdered?"

"Yes, sir."

There was another pause in the dialogue which was broken by me:

"Tell Miss Van Dorn that I will be with her soon."

On arriving at the house I was admitted by the maid and found Clara in the library waiting for me. The shades were drawn so that I did not see her in a bright light. I regretted this, because very naturally I was interested to see in her features how she bore the shock. She was calmer than I had expected to find her. She looked rather troubled than shocked or grieved. I put my arms about her and asked her to tell me what I naturally was impatient to know, but I was obliged to draw it from her by questions.

"There is evidence that he was murdered?" I began.

"Yes, he was murdered."

"By whom?"

"We don't know. I will be suspected."

"You?"

"Yes."

"Why so?"

"Uncle long ago made a will leaving all his property to me. Recently he has been paying attention to that Simmon's girl. If he married her naturally his fortune would go to her."

"I see."

I was now as troubled as Clara, realizing that there was a motive in this for murder and that it would surely draw attention to her in a very unpleasant way.

"Don't worry," I added. "We will doubtless be able to show that you were altogether too fond of your uncle to desire his death."

"Evidence to that effect would avail nothing."

I was surprised at the tone in which she said this. It gave evidence that she had already realized the danger in which she stood.

"Have you," I asked, "no clew to the murderer?"

"I have a suspicion."

"What is it?"

"Some years ago uncle was instrumental in convicting a man who broke into the house and took away the silver. The burglar was sent to prison for ten years. That was about eight years ago. Good behavior, I suppose, would take about two years off the term for which he was sentenced."

"Did the man threaten revenge?"

"Not that I know of, but I was in court when he was sentenced and saw him look as much at uncle."

"Would you know the burglar again if you should see him?"

"Certainly. And there is a physical defect by which he could be identified."

"What is that?"

"The forefinger of his right hand is minus the first two joints."

Clara was falling into a stendiness worthy of a detective. I was surprised and proud of her. I drew her closer to me.

"Whatever the result," she said, "relapsing into her troubled condition, 'you won't believe I did it, will you?'"

"Certainly not, sweetheart," drawing her cheek up against mine.

I took charge of everything, making arrangements for the funeral and affording the civil authorities opportunity to investigate. One of them—a detective, I fancied—went into the room where the body lay. Noticing an empty beer bottle on a table, he asked why it was there and was told that Mr. Davidson often drank beer at night to induce sleep. When Sarah told him

she had taken a bottle of beer to the room the night before Mr. Davidson's death the detective asked where was the glass from which the beer had been drunk. Sarah said that Mr. Davidson either drank his beer from a stone mug or a silver cup. On the evening before his death he had drunk from the cup. When the detective asked where was the cup Sarah said she had not seen it since she had placed it on the table the evening before.

I saw by the detective's expression that he considered the disappearance of the cup an important point. He next asked who was the first person known to enter the room after the murder, and the maid replied, "Miss Van Dorn."

I winced at this, for taken with what Clara had told me about her expected inheritance it was an additional complication for her. The detective asked the maid how many such cups there were in the house, and she told him that there was only one. He directed her to search for it, which she did, but was unable to find it.

This was all I knew about this clew, for I was called away to give some directions and heard nothing more of it. I took charge of working up a case for Clara. I went to the penitentiary where the burglar had been confined and learned that he had been discharged ten days before the murder. I employed detectives to hunt him up, but they found no trace of him. I gave the police authorities the information about him that Clara had given me, but they said there was "nothing in it." Men are sent to state prison every day, but they don't murder persons instrumental in sending them there.

After the funeral Mr. Davidson's lawyer produced the deceased's last will and testament, leaving Clara all his property. As soon as this fact was determined the suspicion she and I feared began to loom up against her. We expected an arrest and were prepared for it. It came two weeks after the murder, and bail was forthcoming. And now a singular thing came to pass between Clara and me. I was more worried than she. Perceiving my anxiety, she threw her arms about me and said:

"Don't you worry. Frank it will come out all right."

"Why are you confident?" I asked.

"Oh, I don't want to tell you. In the first place, something may happen that I don't count on, and, in the second, when two persons have a secret it is no longer a secret. If certain persons interested in my conviction knew what I know they would spoil it all."

I begged her to explain, but she would not, contenting herself with the words, "Don't worry; it will come out all right."

The trial naturally attracted a good deal of attention. Many believed Clara guilty, but few believed that she would be convicted because of a lack of evidence, for there was nothing but circumstantial evidence against her and very little of that. But if she were not vindicated I felt that her life would be ruined and mine would be ruined with it.

When the case came before the court not even Clara's attorney knew her secret. He expected to secure her acquittal without any difficulty, but he had no idea that she would be considered guiltless by the world. The prosecuting attorney made the principal part of his attack that the accused was the first person to go into her uncle's room after the murder and it was she who had taken away the cup from which he had drunk. Of course the motive for the murder was that Mr. Davidson was about to marry, which would eventually give his wife a property that had been intended for his niece.

Clara came into court with a wooden box in her hand, which she carried as though there was something in it of very frail texture. She sat holding this box in one position till the prosecutor, having given an account of the deceased's having drunk beer the night of the murder and told of the disappearance of the cup from which he had drunk it, cried out dramatically:

"Where is the cup?"

"Here," replied Clara in a contrastingly soft voice.

Drawing a sliding cover from the box, she withdrew a silver cup which presented a smooth surface. It had been placed in the box so that this surface would not be touched by the wood. Taking a magnifying glass from a little bag she carried on her arm, she handed the glass to her attorney. He saw on the cup's surface the imprint of a thumb and three fingers, the first two bones of the forefinger being missing.

Turning to the jury, he told what he had seen, and every jurymen was permitted to see it for himself.

Clara, suspecting that the cup might bear a clew, had removed and hidden it. As soon as she was in a position to examine it she saw the imprint, which, being perishable, she had guarded to the best of her ability, not even revealing its existence.

Clara was not only acquitted, but vindicated. I have sometimes thought that she might have let me into her secret; but, considering the frailty of the evidence on which hung so much for her, I have concluded that her precaution was a wise one.

Her counsel, however, never forgave her for not telling him what she had concealed. I have never borne him out in this, for I think that if she had revealed it to any one I should have been that person. I should have doubtless advised her to tell it to her counsel. He would have insisted on examining the imprint. Who can say that in the examinations which would likely have followed the imprint of a maimed finger would not have disappeared?

L. D. JONES, D. M. D.

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No. 3—1:15 a. m. Daily—For Kenova, Ironton, Portsmouth, Cincinnati, Columbus. Pullman Sleepers to Cincinnati and Columbus. Connection via Chicago and St. Louis for the West and Northwest.

No. 15—1:05 p. m. Daily—For Columbus, Cincinnati and intermediate stations. Pullman Sleeper. Cafe car to Columbus. Connects at Cincinnati and Columbus for points West.

Lv. 2:05 a. m. Daily—For Williamson, Welch, Bluefield, Roanoke, Lynchburg, Norfolk, Richmond, Pullman Sleepers. Cafe Car.

1:55 p. m. Daily—For Williamson, Welch, Bluefield, Roanoke, Norfolk, Richmond, Pullman Sleeper to Norfolk. Cafe Car.

Train leaves Kenova 3:25 a. m. Daily for Williamson, via Wayne, and leaves Kenova 3:45 p. m. for Portsmouth and local stations, and leaves Kenova 5:50 a. m. Daily for Columbus and local stations.

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Schedule subject to change without notice
Effective January 3, 1915.

Local trains leave Louisa, southbound, 8:15 a. m., week days, and 5:15 p. m., daily.

North bound, leave Louisa 9:45 a. m., daily; 5:15 p. m., week days. Arrive Ashland 11:15 a. m., daily; 6:30 p. m., week days.

To Lexington, Louisville and West.

Leave Ashland 1:00 p. m., 4:30 a. m., daily. Local, week days to Lexington, 10:45 a. m.

To Cincinnati and West.

Leave Catlettsburg, express, daily, 4:15 a. m., 12:40 p. m. Locals 1:25 p. m., daily.